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[SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION.]

PRICE, PER COPY, 50 CENTS.

IF I WERE A KING.

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

For Male Characters Only.

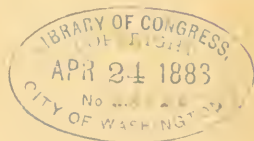
IMPOSED FOR THE ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY, OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, IND., BY A MEMBER OF
THE COLLEGE FACULTY.

*Description of Costumes, Cast of Characters, Entrances
and Exits, etc.*

ARRANGED AND PUBLISHED

By JOSEPH A. LYONS, A. M.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.
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1882.



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DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE
ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN ASSOCIATION.

PAST, PRESENT, AND YET TO BE.

THIS ATTEMPT TO PREPARE FOR PUBLICATION

A DRAMA

ALREADY FAMILIAR IN THEIR HISTORY,

AND ENDEARED TO THEIR RECOLLECTIONS,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY ONE

WHOSE BRIGHTEST REMINISCENCES,

DURING A PERIOD OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS,

ARE OF THE HOURS

PASSED IN THEIR SOCIETY.

J. A. L.

NOTRE DAME, IND.,

Feast of St. Cecilia, Nov. 22, 1882.

INTRODUCTION.

The story of "The Sleeper Awakened" has been the suggestive theme for many variations, all of which are peculiarly attractive to the young. One of the least objectionable forms of the story is embodied in the present drama, and it is hoped will excite the interest elsewhere which it has always done during its presentations at Notre Dame. Rev. A. Lemonnier, aware of the power of dramatic exercises upon the youthful heart, made it one of his occupations to compose and procure the composition of such forms of the drama as would amuse and at the same time elevate the mind. In this he was effectively assisted by a lady whose real name, well known to Catholic literature, has been since shrouded by the mantle of religion. She put the present play into its metrical shape. It is hoped that as the work becomes more widely known, it will reflect upon its authors the credit they so justly deserve. Such is the expectation of

THE PUBLISHER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GENARO, the Shepherd King.
 FERDINAND, King of Naples.
 RUISCO, Cousin of the King, and Conspirator.
 DON GONSALVO, Spanish Ambassador, and Conspirator.
 BOZZA, Major-Domo of the King's Palace.
 VALERIO, The Shepherd King's Little Brother.
 ALBERTO, Son of the King.
 MELCHIORE, a Courtier.
 BANQUO, Overseer of the Shepherds.
 CECATO, Chief Shepherd.
 PHILIPPO, }
 BAPTISTO, } Shepherds.
 SILVIO, }
 MARCO, }
 ALONZO, General of the King's Armies.
 VERDI, }
 BEPPO, } Pages.
 LINO, }
 STEPHANO, Chief of the Brigands.
 LUCIO, }
 PEDRO, } Brigands.
 URSO, }
 CAVULLO, }
 ORAZZIO, }
 MARINO, } Courtiers.
 CERANO, }
 DORIO, }
 LEANDRO, the Royal Usher.
 LORENZO, }
 HUGONI, } Officers.
 LUPO, }
 GUIDO, } Chamberlains.
 TOMAZZO, }
 GIOVANNI, a Hermit,

COSTUMES.

GENARO.—*1st Dress*, as Shepherd: light blue jacket and trunk hose; broad-brimmed hat with ribands; shepherd's crook. *2d Dress*: Royal robes of purple velvet, Crown and sceptre. White and gold tunic and hose.

FERDINAND.—Scarlet robes, white and gold tunic and hose.

MELCHIORE.—Dark blue doublet and hose; with short cloak and hat.

RUISCO.—The same—crimson.

DON GONSALVO.—Green and white satin doublet, cloak and hose. Spanish hat and feathers.

BOZZA.—Black and gold robes. White wand.

ALBERTO.—Bright blue and silver doublet and hose; cloak and hat to correspond.

ORAZZIO.—Garnet and pale green silk doublet and hose; cloak and hat.

BANQUO.—*1st Dress*. Red jacket and trunk-hose. Hat and ribands; shepherd's crook. *2d Dress*. Brown habit and cowl.

CECATO, VALERIO, and SHEPHERDS.—Same as Genaro's first dress; in various colors.

ALONZO.—Scarlet and gold doublet, cloak and hose. Hat and feathers.

PAGES.—Dark blue and gold doublets and hose, in uniform.

STEPHANO and BRIGANDS.—Black velvet jackets and trunks. Cross-gartered hose. Conical hats with ribands. Medals and belts. Rifles and pouches.

COURTIERS.—Same as Melchiore, in various colors.

LEANDRO, LORENZO, HUGONI, and LUPO.—Dark robes like those worn by Bozza. Wands of office.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

PREFACE.

THIS play, written for the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society of the University of Notre Dame, is one of the most popular in their repertory. The plot is substantially as follows: In the first act, shepherds are discovered watching their sheep near the Bay of Ischia. They find a letter announcing that the Prince is to be drowned, and that a conspiracy has been entered into against the King of Naples. The letter closes with an allusion to "two brothers" that puzzles the shepherds. A shepherd boy of superior appearance, *Genaro*, enters, and is greeted with affectionate reproaches for his long absence. After a while he falls asleep, and is left to rest in quiet, but soon awakens, and in soliloquy reveals the fact that he has that day saved the Prince from drowning, has been rewarded, and promised the lasting friendship of the royal heir to the throne of Naples. This event seems to have aroused in the youth an ambition for something higher than his present condition, and he alludes with bitterness to the cruelty of his overseer, *Banquo*, but despairs of escaping from it, when *Banquo* himself enters, and abuses and menaces *Genaro*, who turns and defies him. The overseer leaves the stage, venting his rage in threats. *Genaro*, discouraged, is about to go as commanded to tend the sheep, when he is joined by his little brother *Valerio*, who enumerates the wrongs he has suffered, and is assured by *Genaro* that he shall never be subjected to the like again.

Conspirators enter, and discuss their plan for the assassination of *King Ferdinand*; but *Genaro*, under cover of a large tree, overhears their conversation, and is startled to find *Banquo* a bribed accomplice in the projected treason and regicide. *Ruisco*, *Gonsalvo*, and *Banquo* are the conspirators. *Ruisco*, being the king's cousin, has determined to betray Naples into the hands of the Spaniards (the Spanish Naval General, *Cesare*, being in the secret), on condition that when *Ferdinand* is dead Spain will recognize him as King of Naples. *Ruisco* discovers *Genaro*. Alarmed, he questions him, to find if anything had been overheard. *Genaro* boldly rebukes the villain for his presence in this lonely place at such an unseasonable hour, but gives him no satisfaction, and *Ruisco* leaves the scene, undecided whether to kill *Genaro* or not.

Left alone, the shepherd immediately summons his companions, and, telling them all, declares his determination to take them with him to Naples to inform the king in time to prevent the crime. In the next scene, *Genaro*, considering the dangers that hang over the kingdom

expresses his desire to be possessed of power, armies, fleets, fortifications, etc., that he might be able to execute justice, protect innocence, encourage virtue, and make the world happy. He falls asleep on the greensward, and, dreaming, sings, "I wish I were a King." At this moment the royal *cortège* passes. The king overhears his wish, and resolving to give the shepherd-boy a taste of royalty, steps from the litter, and orders that *Genaro* be carefully laid upon it, and carried in this way, asleep, to Naples. In the palace, *Ferdinand* collects his courtiers and tells of the joke he is playing, informing them that they must treat the new king as if he had reigned for years, and that he abdicates his crown for three days in favor of the shepherd. The major-domo of the Palace observes a remarkable white lock of hair on the head of *Genaro* whilst he is yet asleep, and is struck by the fact because this is peculiar to the present royal line of Naples.

The youth awakens, wonders at his surroundings, is obsequiously greeted by courtiers, and, though quite mystified, finding all persist in treating him as a king, he resolves to embrace this providential opportunity to rescue the kingdom from impending danger. Meanwhile, a meeting of the conspirators takes place, and their confidence of success is shown.

The scene following finds *Genaro* assembling the entire court. From the throne he announces the intended attempt to assassinate the King; pointing to *Ruisco* and *Gonsalvo*, he orders them to be searched, and conclusive evidences of guilt are found. The royal joke turns out a miraculous defeat of treason and murder. While this is going on, Spanish forces are moving upon Naples; as *Ferdinand* is listening to the story of the white lock, the alarm is given, and he rushes out to battle.

Alberto, the Prince, hears the cannonading, sees the flames, and the palace in disorder, enters, calling for his father, when *Genaro* meets him, and they recognize each other.

Genaro, left alone, is attacked by a party of brigands in the pay of *Ruisco*, with that villain at their head, who is about to slay him for having defeated the plot, when *Cecato*, a shrewd shepherd, who with his fellows had come to Naples to give information, inflicts summary justice, and the shepherds, *Genaro* and *Cecato*, leave, tired of royal life, for their home, glad to know that *Banquo* will never torment them again. *Banquo*, seeing the turn of affairs, and meeting with much trouble with brigands, being arrested and nearly murdered once or twice, determines to leave the world and play the hermit until danger is over. The qualms of a bad conscience torment him, however, and we see that crime carries with it its own punishment; for this overseer had

stolen *Genaro* and *Valerio*, princes, from the palace, in their infancy being bribed by *Ruisco*.

Naples once quiet, after the defeat of the Spaniards, *Ferdinand* sends for *Genaro* to reward him in a manner becoming the great service he has rendered. In Naples the identity of *Genaro* and *Valerio* with the stolen princes is attested, and the youth, who as a simple shepherd had saved the life of the prince and the throne of the king, finds himself at last heir to the crown he has rescued in so singular a manner from the grasp of the usurper.

This play was first brought out about a dozen years ago, in the palmiest days of the Association, and the rôles were originally taken by the O'Connells, Footes, Wiles, Dodges, Staleys, Healys, Hibbards, Hatches, Nirdlingers, Kennedys, Cooks, Butters, Wallins, Mukautzs, Mayers, Sidleys, Dailys, Labarthes, Carlins, Dumbars, Ewings, Brelsforde, Fletchers, Haldorns, Marks, Maurices, Beakeys, Edwardses, Brackens, Dillons, Englishes, Whytes, Flanagan, Braunsteins, Kings, Guthries, Grahams, Staces, Otises, O'Reillys, Walkers, Skellys, Ryans, Carrs, Dwyers, McCartys, Reynoldses, McHugh, Mahoneys, Willsons, O'Neills, Coppingers, Hackmanns, Dixons, Dooleys, Freemans, Wetherbees, McCartneys, Berdels, Tallants, Clarkes, Nicholases, Kanes, Cochranes, Arringtons, Hutchingses, Heffernans, Redfields, Hemstegers, Coghlin, Echlin, Schiefers, Grays, Flynns, Clearys, Bakers, Blackburns, Balls, Carrolls, Flormans, Hagans, Kelleys, Murdocks, Meyers, Olmers, Porters, Roberts, Smiths, Walshes, Youngs, McCarthys, Grevers, McGraths, Suggs, Rhodiuses, Homans, Quinns, Brownes, Fishels, Burgers, Tinleys, Orricks, Burnses, Hayeses, Gibbonses, Taylors, Arnolds, Zahms, Mahons, Ackhoffs, Ortmayers, Bacas, Wards, Breens, Rumelys, Mugs, Hibbens, Devines, Egans, Dunns, Flemings, Widdicombes, Bertelings, Blooms, Cavanaughs, Ashtons, Furers, Hakes, Lindbergs, Soules, Woodses, Del Vecchios, Dolans, Grosses, Weisenburgers, Downeys, McNamaras, Mitchells, Solons, Ingersolls, Benoists, Moranays, Bells, Nelsons.

The foregoing are only a few from among the many names of St. Cecilia Philomatheans whose grand entertainments in Old Washington Hall attracted crowds of distinguished visitors from neighboring cities, and who may well be proud of the popularity they acquired. Old Washington Hall has passed away, but the memory of the happy hours spent within its walls will not soon be forgotten by the gallant band of St. Cecilians, many of whom have since made their mark or become distinguished in the literary, scientific, or commercial world.

IF I WERE A KING.

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

Composed for the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, of the University
of Notre Dame, by a Member of the Faculty.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE 1.

Sunset on the Bay of Ischia. —Vesuvius in the background.

[PHILIPPO, CECATO, MARCO, BAPTISTO *and* SILVIO *reclining on the grass.*]

SILVIO. (*Playing a soft strain on the guitar.*)

Cloud, cloud! why so fair,
Floating on the mellow air?
Cloud, cloud! why dost fade,
While the stars thy realms invade?
All things die! and the sky
With her beauty makes me sigh.
Lady, star of hope and light,
Shine upon our path to-night.

PHILIPPO. —The hazy slumber of this twilight scene
Creeps through me like an opiate. Cecato,
If Silvio's lute would hold its charming strains,
And could this sunset horizon but last,
And I drink in the beauty, here reclining,
I should desire no other heaven.

CECATO. (*Laughing*). Ha! ha!

That's like the lazy fellow that you are,
You animal! I am sure the quiet sheep
are really more consistent.

PHILIPPO. In what way?

CECATO. They rise to crop the grass. They lap the salt
With graceful pleasure from the shepherd's hand;
They give their wool un murmuring to the steel,
And fill our souls with love for innocence.

PHILIPPO. (*Starting forward with mock anger.*)
What then! am I a murderer or a thief
That I do not as well? (*Picks up a paper.*)
But what is this?

Where did this paper come from? Do you know?

MARCO. (*Taking the paper.*)
Why, no! But 'tis a funny-looking thing!
Philippo, those black marks for all the world
Look like cockroaches' legs. Cecato, say,
You can read writing, can't you? Read this thing.

CECATO. (*Taking the paper with a consequential air.*)
Read writing! why of course; who says I can't?
(*All cluster round to see the paper.*)

Here, let me take it! Don't stand in my light,
You ignoramuses! Don't know penmarks
From broken cockroach-legs! For shame on you!

(*CECATO eyes the paper suspiciously.*)

On my word I don't like that man's writing!
(*Scratches his head.*) It looks like—like a clap of thunder.
As I live I'll bet the thing is poison!

PHILIPPO. Quick! Read the thing!

CECATO. Don't be in such a hurry. Won't you wait
And let a body have a chance to breathe?
(*Clearing his throat, begins to read*): "June twenty-onth"—
(*Turning to look at the boys*) That, boys, was yesterday.
That was the time the thing was written. Ha!
(*After a pause*) Some one has got himself into a muss
By letting this thing drop. Now let me read:
"The Prince is to be drowned within the bay
This very evening" (*to the boys*) That, boys, was
last night.

Now let us see what more: "Come without fail
To the white oak at eleven o'clock to-night.
The Spanish Minister will meet us there,
And one King Ferdinand will pass that way.
The snares are set; but should the game escape,

To-morrow we'll dispose of him. Look sharp
To the two brothers. Midnight is the hour.

“RUISCO.”

Boys, that thing fairly *grozels*. (*Holds the paper off.*)

SILVIO. Indeed it does.

But, pray, Cecato, who in the wide world
Could that Ruisco write this stuff to?

CECATO. Humph!

That part's left out. “The white oak is the forest.”

Fine place for an ambassador to meet

A man at midnight. Boys, true as you live

This scrap belongs to some most devilish plot.

PHILIPPO. (*Indignantly.*)

How did he know the prince was to be drowned

Had he no hand in drowning him himself?

SILVIO. One fact I'd like to know is, who he means

By the two brothers.

PHILIPPO. Humph! there's one thing sure—

'Tis a rascally piece of business all round.

I'd like to catch the rogue who let this drop.

Ruisco! Drown the Prince!

CECATO. Black-hearted wretch!

Where'er you are, you'll get no good of this!

I'll keep it safe enough. (*Places the paper in his bosom*
and apostrophizes on it.) There now, you imp;

You're locked up in your prison. Tell no tales!

PHILIPPO. By-the-by, what's keeping our Genaro?

BAPTISTO. I wonder! He's been gone these two long
days.

Genaro! prompt as sunrise. It is strange!

He is so true to duty that I fear

Misfortunes have beset him.

CECATO. They soon will,

That's one thing certain. Banquo raves like mad

About his absence. Poor Genaro! Zounds!

I'd like to choke old Banquo!

MARCO. So would I;

He treats those boys so beastlike. As for us,

'Tis not so very bad,—though, goodness knows,

'Tis not so very easy.

PHILIPPO. (*Shaking hands with him.*)

Genaro; may God bless you! Are you well?
Welcome home,

GENARO. Yes, well. And you are well? I am glad to
see you.

But I am somewhat weary.

CECATO. (*Shaking hands and leading him to a mound.*)
Have a seat!

It seems an age since you have been away.
Pray, what has kept you?

(*All regard him anxiously.*)

GENARO. Oh! it's nothing, boys.

BAPTISTO. Genaro, had Cecato gone away,
And not explained the reason, in that case
We would think nothing of it; but in you—
We do not understand it.

CECATO. Hear the lambs!
They welcome you, but want your own account.

GENARO. Which they shall have to-morrow; now, my
friends,
I will enjoy this meeting with old friends.

CECATO. You found more pleasant friends away from us,
Therefore you staid so long.

GENARO. There you mistake.
Home is the sweetest place on all the earth.
But what did Banquo say when first he missed me?
Or, did he not observe it?

CECATO. Catch *him* blind!
He bustled like a hornet, and declared
He'd beat you till the blood ran.

GENARO. (*Rising proudly.*)
Beat me! No!
Banquo shall never beat me!

SILVIO. Let him try,
And we will pay him for it.

CECATO. But, I pray,
What has disturbed your feathers? you, as neat
As a one year old lambkin,—what rude brier
Has torn your fleece?

GENARO. (*Laughing.*) My hair, then, needs a comb?

Boys, I am tired. I'll go to rest awhile,
And in the morning all shall be quite smooth.

(He throws himself on a mound.)

BAPTISTO. *(Music.)* Yes, rest, Genaro.
Boys, come on—let's dance to welcome Genaro.
Silvio, tune your guitar. Now, boys, take your stand.
(Aside.) 'Tis not our business why he was away.

[PHILIPPO, CECATO, MARCO, and BAPTISTO dance an
Italian step; GENARO looks on for a while, then falls
asleep and the dance closes.]

CECATO. *(Approaching GENARO cautiously.)*

Genaro is asleep. I am glad he is!
But I do wish I knew what happened him!

SILVIO. Stop talking, Cecato, or he will wake;
Besides, we ought to go and tend the sheep,
And let the poor boy rest. *(Exeunt omnes, R., but*
GENARO; he awakes after a moment.)

GENARO. *(Rising to a sitting position.)*

Ah! Is it morn?

No; only twilight *(he looks around to assure himself that he*
is alone)—of a happy day,
Because I've saved a fellow-creature's life;
And this is my reward—a cross of gold.

(Draws a Cross from his bosom and kisses it.)

How near we came to drowning! It is well
My strength did not forsake me.

A happy day in which to save a Prince!—
That boat sank down so swiftly I saw not
The coat of arms embossed upon the prow;
I leaped into the bay and grasped the youth—
My energies all bent on saving him.

When he was rescued, I felt so absorbed,
That nobleman or beggar 'twere the same;
But when he gave this cross and promised me
Protection and undying friendship, then
His gentle, courteous words unnerved me quite:
I swooned. When I revived, the Prince was gone;
But o'er me bent his servant and he gave
Reviving cordials, and a world of thanks;
“For he whose life you saved,” the servant said,
“Is the great King's beloved and only son.”

(*Thoughtfully*) 'Twas odd how he was wrecked!
'Twas very strange!

Would I could meet that prince again,

(*Rises*) For I am tired of life without endeavor.

Eat—drink—sleep,—no thought, no act

To elevate my mind.

Oh! it is galling to me! I would learn

About the great, broad world. I want to be

All that my soul can make me. Here I am

A poor, ignoble shepherd: but within

There throbs a heart that burns for something higher.

Would I had means to cultivate my mind!

I pray to meet that generous friend again;

His words ring in my ears. I love the Prince.

(*Mournfully*) But no, no, no! I am but a simple shepherd—

The slave of Banquo,—treated as a brute,—

Bearing injustice till my soul is crushed.

Who thinks of poor Genaro? There's not one.

(*Sings a plaintive song.*)

(*Enter BANQUO. L. U. E.*)

BANQUO (*Not seeing GENARO*).

That wretch of a Genaro! The young scamp

Is growing too large for his old shoes!

I'll teach him a good lesson!

(*He flourishes his whip and perceives GENARO.*)

Ha, you wolf!

Where have you been these three days? Speak, I say!—

You cheating viper! Tell me where you were?

And what you were about? Tell me, I say?

GENARO. (*Proudly*).

I've nothing, sir, to tell you. (*Aside*) "'Tis a dream

Too sweet to be disclosed to that bad man:

No, Banquo shall not know it.

BANQUO. (*After pausing in surprise, threatens with his whip.*)

Dare me boy!

Tell me, or I will kill you!

GENARO. (*Defying Banquo.*) I shall not.

You have no right to treat me as you do—

Nor will I bear it longer. Wicked man!

Learn you to keep your distance! Stand away!

I will not take your insults.

BANQUO. (*Lowers his whip in surprise, retreating from the scene, speaking back over his shoulder.*)

Ah! fine airs!

Fine airs for you, young fellows! But we'll see
What good will come of them! Impertinent,
Ungrateful, lazy boy! Go tend the sheep! (*Exit. L. U. E.*)
(*Enter VALERIO. R.*)

GENARO. (*Indignantly.*) Why must I do his bidding?

VALERIO. Welcome home!

God bless you, darling brother, where were you
When everybody thought that you were lost?
Oh! but I'm glad you've come!

GENARO. Valerio,
My only comfort is with you.

VALERIO. But say, Genaro, what were you about?

GENARO. O, nothing much! A little lamb was lost,
And I strolled off to find her.

VALERIO. The poor thing!
But, brother, surely you look very strange!
Your clothes are rumpled, and your face is red.
Say, have you seen old Banquo; and has he
Been scolding you again?

GENARO. Let Banquo go!

VALERIO. (*Crying.*) Yes, if we could. He treats us
both so harshly.
I want to run away. He curses me
And starves me half to death, and makes me cry
Till I am sick of living.

GENARO. (*Embracing VAL.*) Don't despair,
Dear little brother; for that cruel man
Shall never lay his hands on you again.
I will not let him.

VALERIO. (*Looking puzzled.*) Why, how odd you look!
(*Abruptly*) I understand! we both can run away!

GENARO. Or go in quiet to more worthy friends.

VALERIO. (*Clapping his hands.*)
Good! Let us go now and chat with the boys.
I'll tell them that you are coming. So make haste.

(*He runs off the stage, R. U. E., followed by GENARO walking slowly. Curtain falls. Lively music.*)

SCENE II.

Under the White Oak.—Time, Midnight.—(Lights down).—Forest Scene.

(DON GONSALVO *alone, c.*; *enter* RUISCO *cautiously, L. U. E.*)

RUISCO. There is no risk, Gonsalvo. At this hour
The very stars are sleeping. See: The clouds
Draw a black curtain to shut out the light.
'Tis dark as Erebus. 'Tis just the time
To make our plot secure. Look you around:
'Tis still enough for murder. Fear nothing!
No living soul can find us. We are safe
From human eyes and ears.

GONSALVO. You're very sure?

RUISCO. Sure as a man can be; that's sure enough.

GONSALVO. The pledge stands good, Ruisco. All is well.

RUISCO. Yes, on the same conditions.

GONSALVO. (*Gruffly.*) Give the script!—
Quick! None must know I met you. Come! make haste!

RUISCO. Take it, my lord; and read it if you please.

GONSALVO. (*Reading slowly by the aid of a dark-lantern.*)
"I, Ruisco, on my word of honor, pledge
The Castle of St. Elmo, and the lands
Of Sicily adjoining, with the forts
Of Palermo and Gaeta, to the crown
Of my lord the King of Spain, if in return
His Minister, Gonsalvo—in event
Of Ferdinand the king's assassination—

(*Pauses and looks at RUISCO significantly.*)

Shall recognize me as the lawful heir,
And hail me king of Naples." All is right.
Here is my pledge.

(GONSALVO *hands a paper, which* RUISCO *reads in silence.*)

RUISCO. The work is done, hidalgo.

GONSALVO. When shall we storm St. Elmo?

RUISCO. Any time.

Three days at farthest. Wednesday, if you will.

GONSALVO. Agreed!

RUISCO. 'Tis General Cesare in command;

He will straightway surrender. All is fair.
He knows my plan, and scruples nothing.

GONSALVO. (*With a warning gesture.*)

Hold!

My name must not be used. Adieu, my lord!

RUISCO. (*Folding his arms and walking musingly.*)
Matters are gliding smoothly. In one week
The task will be accomplished. 'Tis good luck
That so far none have thwarted; but, in fact,
Should I desire, I could not now retreat.
My cousin's eldest children, proud and fair—
Yes, they were wisely stolen. They are gone,
And quite forgotten for these many years;
And yesterday the last one perished,—died
By accident; a prudent accident! (*Chuckling.*)
(*Enter GENARO noiselessly, R., hidden by a tree.*)

Drowned in the Bay of Naples. No one now
Stands in my way but Ferdinand himself,
And he shall be disposed of,—for why not,
Since matters must go forward? One bold step
Will make me king. Yes, I can trust my men;
There's Cesare at the head—and Stephano
With his brigands; and Banquo, best of all.—
For one clear farthing he would sell his soul;
A very rare old scoundrel! Good for him!
But I must call him quickly.

(*Blows a whistle, and BANQUO soon enters. L.*)

Ho, Banquo! (*Presents paper.*)

Here's work for you: see that it be well done.
Take this dispatch yourself, with special care,
Straight to the Spanish Admiral. Now, mind:
His picket-boat you'll find upon the Bay,
Close to the three white willows. Furthermore,

(*Hands paper.*)

This message to the General in command
At Santa Elmo, General Cesare; Hark!—
In his own hands!

BANQUO. (*Obsequiously.*)

My lord, I understand!

RUISCO. The work must be done quickly. Do you hear?

BANQUO. Yes, my lord; I shall be prompt and faithful.—

Exit, L.

RUISCO. (*Discovering GENARO.*) R.

(*Aside*) Zounds! What if that boy has heard? I must know!

The youngster must be questioned. Zounds! What luck!

(*Aloud*) Boy! What are you here for?

GENARO. Signor, in reply

I might request to know, if you will tell,

Whether a nobleman who in good faith

Appears a courtier, is not out of place

In this deserted spot at such an hour?

RUISCO. (*Dissembling.*)

I'm seeking some one. Have you seen a man

About here lately?

GENARO. (*Emphatically.*)

I have seen you, sir.

RUISCO. But some time since? Have you seen men conversing?

GENARO. (*Evasively.*) I have been slumbering, and I should be now—

Since night was given to honest men for sleep.

RUISCO. Have you seen men with me? Speak out now, boy.

GENARO. I know not whom, even now, I might behold, Could I distinguish with a keener sense.

RUISCO. (*Menacingly.*)

Be not too sharp, young fellow. (*Aside.*) If I knew

That he had heard our plot, I'd kill him. Wait!

His comrades may be near. (*Aloud.*) Look sharp, young man,

To that glib tongue of yours!

GENARO. (*Proudly.*) Spare your advice.

(*Exit RUISCO, L., looking menacingly at GENARO;—after a pause:*)

I am a shepherd-boy; I'm nothing more;

But I've a conscience, and were I a king

It could be no more binding. I am sure

There's mischief in the wind. That vile wretch

Covets the throne of Naples, It was he

Who made the attempt to drown the little prince,
 And now he plots the murder of the king.
 Banquo is his abettor! Just the man
 To play the assassin! And for me,
 Now is my time! I'll act a manly part.
 O Holy Mother of God, help now your child
 To fulfil his duty! (*Whistles for the shepherds, who*
enter. R.)

CECATO. (*Rubbing his eyes, hair tumbled, etc.*)
 Shepherd King,

I think you're getting crazy! A queer time
 To call out your courtiers. But never mind.
 (*Scratches his head.*) I beg your pardon! I was sound
 asleep

And wanted to stay dreaming. By the way,
 Who was that ruffian fellow whom we met?
 I surely thought he'd crush me.

GENARO. (*In a clear undertone.*) Silence, boys!
 That man is a vile traitor. Do not speak
 Of what I'm going to tell you. Promise me.

(*All.*) Yes, yes, Genaro.

GENARO. (*In a suppressed, but clear and distinct voice.*)
 As I lay asleep

I thought you called me, Silvio. I awoke,
 And heard a husky voice, then I arose
 To find out who was talking. "No one," thought I,
 "Can come at such a time for aught that's good?"
 I crept behind this tree, and, what think you?—
 The man you met was muttering to himself
 Of killing King Ferdinand. Boys, keep still!
 He named accomplices; *Banq o was one!*

(*All start and look at one another in astonishment.*)

CECATO. (*Shaking his head.*)
 Banquo! Just like him! I am in for it,
 Boys, he deserves a flogging. Come on, boys!
 (*Rolls up his sleeves.*) Where shall I find him?

GENARO. (*Authoritatively.*) Quiet, Cecato,
 Or you will thwart my plan. A wily plot,
 Involving Don Gonsalvo, has been laid,
 And General Cesare, of the royal troops
 At Santa Elmo, is upon the list,

And the vile conspirator Banquo— Boys, (*points*)
 He stood where Marco stands. I saw the wretch
 Accept his murderous errands. 'Tis our place
 To intercept and balk him.

CECATO. Whoop! hurrah!
 We'll be the end of Banquo. Come along!

GENARO. Hush! Do not be so noisy. We must go
 Directly on to Naples, and denounce
 The traitors to the King. Poor shepherd-boys,
 God grant he may believe us!

MARCO. (*Thoughtfully and slowly.*)
 That black scamp

Might kill us on the way.

GENARO. Who is a coward?

ALL. We are not cowards! We are not afraid!

CECATO. We'll see the end of Banquo! His old whip
 Shall rest. So shall we shepherds.

GENARO. Listen, boys;
 We'll start before the sunrise. Don't forget
 To keep most prudent counsel. Go to rest,
 But speak to no one of what has occurred.
 Strict secrecy!

ALL. Yes, we'll hold our tongues. (*Exeunt.*)

GENARO. The powers of darkness prowl about the world
 Like starving tigers. Ah, poor Naples! sleep
 In thy unconscious beauty. In a day
 The regicide will blast thy glory. Woe
 Follows Prince Alberto. He likewise
 Is tracked by the usurper. When 'tis known
 Alberto was not drowned, that human fiend
 Will rest not till he has the Prince's blood.
 Poor Naples, and poor monarch! Would to Heaven
 I were a noble lord, a prince or king,
 To overthrow these monstrous plots! O friend!
 Invisible guardian from the Court on high!
 Help me to execute this act of justice.
 O were I but myself a king—could I
 Command huge armies, and have castles strong,
 I would see justice done. Then would I go
 And rescue Naples from this wicked plot,

(*Plaintive Music.*) O, would I were a king!
A mighty king!

(*He lies down and falls asleep. Sings, "If I were a King."*)
(*Enter BANQUO, R., bringing CECATO, in a very confidential way, who, looking unconcerned, innocent and stupid, allows himself to be dragged on the scene.*)

BANQUO. (*Coaxingly.*)
Cecato, now, my lad, I have some sheep
Just purchased near St. Elmo—and, you see,
To make the bargain good, this document
Must go straight to the castle. They were bought
By means of General Cesare. Now, you see,
I want that you should take this right to him.

CECATO. (*Takes the message.*)
Yes, sir; I'll do my best, Nobody else
Shall touch this paper till I have a mind.

BANQUO. (*Patting him on the shoulder.*)
That's a fine fellow! that's a charming lad!
Good journey to you. When you have come back
I will reward you with a piece of gold. (*Exit, R.*)
(*CECATO swaggers and gesticulates mockingly for some time.*)

CECATO. What a big fool he is! Rogues think they're
smart,
But, fooling, sometimes they are fooled themselves.
How cunning you are, Banquo! Ha! ha! ha!
You amiable old porcupine! I wish
You could have seen yourself! you looked in truth
Like henbane playing rosebush. Ha! ha! ha!
I'll keep your message safe. Poor, foolish man,
You thought I took your story! This, no doubt,
(*Taking the paper*) Relates to the great plot. At any rate
I'll try its power to-morrow. (*Exit CECATO. L.*)

(*Enter VALERIO, R., coming to his brother's side.*)

VALERIO. Genaro! O Genaro! wake, I say!
(*GENARO sings in his sleep. VALERIO interrupts him.*)
Genaro! O Genaro! do wake up!
(*VALERIO at last nestles by his brother's side and goes to sleep.*)
(*March.—Enter the royal cortege, R.—Ferdinand on a litter*
—MELCHIORE, ORAZZO, MARINO, VERDI, BEPPO, LINO, etc.)
MELCHIORE (*Pointing to GENARO.*)

Your Majesty, hark to that shepherd-boy!
Listen to what he sings. (*They pause.*) In discontent,
The shepherd wishes that he might be king.
Peasants imbibe high notions.

FERDINAND. (*Alights from the litter.*) Once a king,
He soon would wish himself a shepherd-boy.
But we will play a joke. He shall be king,
For a few days. Be silent! lift him up.
Lay him down gently; keep him fast asleep.
(*GENARO is laid on the litter.*)

MELCHIORE. An odd surprise 'twill be, when he awakes,
To find himself so far away from home.

FERDINAND. He will suppose that fairies heard his dream
And took him at his word. But such is life!
Our wishes, if in earnest, surely plant
The germ of their accomplishment; and we,
Upright in purpose, will enjoy the fruit.
(*Thoughtfully.*) Dream on, poor shepherd, in thy innocence,
Unconscious of the artifice we play.
Perchance the unseen world may trick us too.

(*March—GENARO is carried away on the litter, asleep—*
Exeunt, L.—Music.)

[END OF FIRST ACT.]

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

Robbers' Cave in the Mountains.

PEDRO and LUCIO, c., *smoking pipes.*

LUCIO. What think you, Pedro,
Will the lads be frightened at fair weather?

PEDRO. No! not they!
They will not come home empty.

LUCIO. They'll do their work at Ischia; but how long
Will Ferdinand be gone from Court?

PEDRO. Not long;
Just a few days, to please his own caprice.

LUCIO. The boys will bring rich booty. 'Tis the time

To make our fortune. Pedro, for my part
I'd rather be a robber strong and brave
Than risk my neck like King Ferdinand's,
Though we thank him for our plunder.

PEDRO. Humph! We will— (*A whistle is heard*)
Hark! There's Stephano's signal. (*Answers it.*)

(*Enter STEPHANO and CERANO, L., with GONSALVO and
BANQUO as prisoners.*)

Ho! what luck!

STEPHANO. Here are two fellows to be shot, you see,
When we have bled their purses.

BANQUO. (*Flying to the door.*) Murder! Oh!
You do not mean to shoot us! Oh! don't! don't!
Let us go free! Have pity on us, pray!

STEPHANO. (*Striking him on the mouth.*)
Shut up your mouth! Here, Lucio, hold his hands.

BANQUO. (*Struggling.*)
Don't bind my hands! Murder! Murder!

STEPHANO. Shut up,
Or we will cut your throat to stop your noise!

PEDRO. The fellow thinks by shouts to save his life!

STEPHANO. We must gag him.

BANQUO. (*Screaming.*)
Gag me! Don't!

GONSALVO. (*Taking STEPHANO aside.*)
Let me explain our case. Pray, for what end
Should you destroy our lives, when, if set free,
We could ensure your fortune? We have work
Demanding just your pluck, and in your line—

STEPHANO. (*Abruptly.*)
What is it?

GONSALVO. (*Keenly.*) We venture nothing, man, in
telling you?

STEPHANO. Pray tell *us* darker secrets than our own,
If in your power, hidalgo!

GONSALVO. Very well:
We want the king disposed of.

STEPHANO. Ah! you do!

GONSALVO. Yes, quietly and quickly; and the man
Who does the deed shall earn an independence.

STEPHANO. In what way?

GONSALVO. By the reward we pay him,
Not to speak of plundering the palace.
You will not be detected; for forthwith
Ruisco, the King's cousin, will be crowned,
And will admit you to his confidence.

STEPHANO. (*In surprise.*)
Ruisco! You are one of his! So ho!
Shake hands with us. You are at liberty.
Are you not Don Gonsalvo?

GONSALVO. (*Shaking hands.*)
Yes, the same.

STEPHANO. Ruisco has employed us;
We are friends.

GONSALVO. Well, well! All right!
The plot works smooth as oil.

STEPHANO. Do not let us detain you; but prepare
For the great work to-morrow.

GONSALVO. (*With a business-like air, starting to leave.*)
Very well; we'll meet within the Palace. Banquo, come!

BANQUO. I'm glad we're out of that. 'Twas a great
risk?
And lucky, too, you spoke before they shot.

GONSALVO. (*Aside to BANQUO.*)
Banquo, you're a coward. Hold your tongue!

(*Exit abruptly, L.*)

SCENE II.

STEPHANO, PEDRO, LUCIO, URSO, and CERANO.

STEPHANO. There's been a cursed blunder! Blast the
Prince!
We thought him drowned. He was fished out.
A wretch who saw him sink, swam to his help,
And all must be done over.

CERANO. Curse the rogue!
Who was the rascal, and what took him there?

STEPHANO. I know not who he is; but if again

The scoundrel crosses me he'll learn the taste
Of shot and powder. You men, watch your chance
To end this slippery business. *Shoot the Prince!*

CERANO. I understand you, captain.

STEPHANO. (*To the Bandits.*)

Meantime,

Be ready for adventures. Ruisco
Left but a moment since. He counts on you.

ALL. We are on hand!

LUCIO. No fear. Our blades are keen.

SCENE III.

Bay of Ischia.

(*Banquo alone, c., with both hands to his ears as if frightened nearly to death.*)

BANQUO. (*Trembling.*)

I have my senses left—but oh, my stars,
I don't see how it happened! Never man
Lived through such fright! Just now, I have escaped
Having my brains blown out, and like as not
Won't get a cent of money from these knaves!
How sad to think there is no honest way
For people to make money! Had there been,
I would avoid these troubles. As it is,
My need of money may yet cost my life.
I know not what to do, except to hide;
For I could not endure another fright
Like that among the robbers. Maybe, though,
My troubles come because I have done wrong
In stealing those two boys, heirs to the throne.
I may have treated them unkindly, too,
And now I get my pay for it. I'll go
And find some lonely cavern, and will stay
Till all this fright is over. I'll take
A hermit's cowl and keep me out of sight,
And say my prayers for fear I may be shot.
Out on that old Ruisco! He it was
Who first imposed upon my ignorance. 'Twas he
Involved me in this trouble. Wicked wretch!

(*Exit BANQUO.*)

SCENE IV.

VALERIO *alone*—*Enter* BAPTISTO, CECATO, SILVIO, PHILIPPO *and* MARCO.

MARCO. Valerio, where's Genaro?

VALERIO. I don't know.

I cannot tell how he could get away
Without my knowing, for I fell asleep
Lying beside him; but when I awoke
I could not find him, hunting far and near.

CECATO. (*Puzzled.*)

Where can the boy have gone?
What shall we do?

BAPTISTO. Do! Why, go on to Naples to be sure.

SILVIO. What! go without Genaro!

BAPTISTO. Why, of course!

SILVIO. They'll think we have gone crazy!

BAPTISTO. No, indeed;
They'll take us for a set of honest boys.

PHILIPPO. But shall we dare to go with these old clothes
Before the Court of Naples?

CECATO. Yes; or, if not,
We'll turn them inside out, to make
Them clean. That's a grand invention!

BAPTISTO. Boys, I think
We should not make this fun. As to our clothes
We have no second suits, so must wear these.
But what we *say*; that's the important point.
Cecato, though, can talk just like Genaro:
Cecato must be speaker.

CECATO. (*With an air of importance.*)
That I will.

Now, if I had fine clothes— But never mind:
I'll get a wig and whiskers, then my face
Will be more dignified. Of course the King
Will pay attention to what I say then.

BAPTISTO. What will you say?

CECATO. (*Indignantly.*) "Your Majesty!" You goat,
You think I don't know how they do at Court!

BAPTISTO. (*Argumentatively.*)
 Why, no, Cecato; but for all us boys
 'Tis best to know when each one ought to speak.

CECATO. (*About to leave.*)
 I'll go and get my whiskers and my wig—
 Then I can do it better. (*Exit.*)

SILVIO. (*Knowingly.*) Cecato
 Is really smart. He well knows what is what!
 (*Enter CECATO with wig and whiskers—All clap their hands in applause on his appearance.*)

CECATO. Baptisto, you must stand at my right side;
 You, Silvio, on my left; Philippo, you
 Stand close behind Baptisto. Marco, boy—
 Go stand by Silvio. Now do this way:

(*All do as directed by CECATO.*)
 Stand strong on your left foot, your right foot out;
 Heads up, just like the soldiers.

VALERIO. May I not go to Court with all the rest?

CECATO. Oh yes, you birdie! You were quite forgot!

VALERIO. I want to find Genaro.

CECATO. Like enough
 We'll meet him on the way. You shall stand here.

(*Gives VALERIO a place in front of himself.*)

I'll say, "Your Majesty: We shepherd-boys
 Have something bad to tell"—(*gesticulates.*)

BAPTISTO. That is not nice.
 Say something that will show we are afraid
 He will not listen.

CECATO. (*Making a second effort.*)

Well: "Your Majesty,
 We know that shepherd-boys have little hope
 To gain an audience, yet well we know
 That loyal subjects must inform the King
 When wicked men conspire against the crown."

(*All clap their hands in approval.*)

SILVIO. Delightful! Genaro couldn't do better.
 Let's write it down, so that you won't forget.

CECATO. (*While SILVIO writes.*)
 Baptisto, you must say that one of us

Has overheard a very wicked plot.

(*Scratches his head*). 'Tis bad without Genaro—that's a fact!

What were those fellows' names? I can't think.

BAPTISTO. The king will ask us questions by that time—
And that will do.

(*Eying* CECATO.) Very grand! you look like my grandfather.

CECATO. Let us go. We have to save our kingdom.
Boys, walk majestically! Boys, walk like me.
Keep step with me. Remember!

ALL. Yes, we will.

(*All strut off the stage.—Martial music.*)

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

Royal Hall.

KING FERDINAND, ALONZO, MELCHIORE, ORAZZO, PRINCE
ALBERTO, MARINO, BEPPPO, LINO, GUIDO, *and* VERDI.)

FERDINAND. Nobles and friends, we have for you to-day
A most romantic pastime. All of you
Have a prime part to play. I abdicate
My crown, my throne, in favor of a joke.

MELCHIORE. An abdication, worthy Ferdinand,
Whose merry heart is worth a world of prowess.

FERDINAND. (*Gaily.*)
Melchiore likes the diplomatic farce
Of laughter and good cheer. Well, he is right:
Rome once was saved by the cackling of the geese.

MELCHIORE. A joke, too, might save Naples; if, in truth,
Naples were not secure from danger. Ah,
A long-faced monarch should invite the plague,
Invasion, conflagration, and ill-luck!

Your jovial majesty, on the other hand,
Spreads peace, content and plenty o'er the land.

ALBERTO. But what's the joke, my father?

FERDINAND. It is this:

In our excursion we by chance came near
A fold of sheep, and lying on the ground
Beheld a shepherd in light slumber. Now,
Mirth-loving Melchiore, with keen ears,
Heard a low strain flow from the dreamer's lips:
We all drew near to listen, and the boy
Was singing plaintively, "If I were a king!"
Melchiore laughed at this anomaly;
But to amuse you, and to give the swain
A taste of royalty to meet his wish,
We saw him fast asleep, then lifted him
Most cautiously on a litter, and asleep
He came to Naples. For three days to come
He shall be king. My courtiers, act your part
Gravely and seriously; make the youth believe
You never knew a mandate but his own.

ORAZZO. Hold!

What, should he give preposterous orders?

MELCHIORE. (*Laughing.*) Then,
An insurrection! Meditate, my lords!
What, should the joke end in an insurrection?

ALONZO. (*Laughing.*)
I should stand by to quell it. Give the joke,
Your Majesty; we thank you for a joke.

FERDINAND. Whate'er this king commands shall be
obeyed,
As if I gave the order. Understand:
Melchiore shall be master of the fun,
And mystify the youth so he will think
Himself transformed indeed—quite turned a king.

ALBERTO. To make him feel at home, some one should
ring
Sweet little sheep-bells; then the lambs should bleat.

MELCHIORE. (*Caressing ALBERTO.*)
No, my young Prince: your scheme would break the
charm,—
He would be still a shepherd.

FERDINAND. Ah, my child,
Your plan would be too homelike. Everything
Must be completely royal. Let each one
Appear in regal robes of state.

VERDI. (*Gleefully.*)
'Twill be magnificent! Our lowest bows
Must greet the Shepherd-King.

LINO. And, Guido, you
Must stand to bear his train upon the left.

GUIDO. (*Dissatisfied.*) I'd rather on the right— you on
the left.

ALBERTO. But, Guido, Lino's place is on the right.

VERDI. Now, pageants, do not quarrel. And don't laugh.

LINO. (*Bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter.*)
I cannot help it. I'm sure I can't.

VERDI. We ought to have some story very droll,
To make it seem that we but laughed at that.

ALBERTO. You should not laugh? Laughter will spoil
the joke.

VERDI. May be. If we can help't we will not.
Otherwise, I shall pretend to stumble.

LINO. Such conduct would not be courtly.

VERDI. What of that!
Fancy that clown once reeling through the hall.
Like a schooner in a gale. Look here:
Those peasant boys walk this way:

(*He mimics a peasant's walk.*)

ALBERTO. No. Not all.
I saw *one* peasant who walked like a prince.
He did not walk as you walk.

VERDI. How walked he? .

ALBERTO. Most graciously. As well as you or I.

FERDINAND. Delay not, Melchiore. Let us haste.
See everything prepared. Do not forget
That none shall say to me, "Your Majesty."
Should they, I will not answer. Bear in mind!

MELCHIORE. I promise for the Court.

FERDINAND. Dispatch affairs.
Or his recumbent highness will awake.

BEPP0. We have lost patience waiting.

VERDI. (*Laughing.*) That is true;
But now we all are ready for the sport.

(*Exeunt gaily.—Music.*)

SCENE II.

Royal Reception Chamber.

(BOZZA and SERVANTS. *Enter* [R. U. E.] MARINO, GUIDO, and LUPO, bringing GENARO, clothed in royal robes, on a litter.)

BOZZA. He makes a pretty picture, and in truth
Could we but know the youthful peasant's dream
It would be very marvellous.

LUPO. No doubt
Of magic castles, and bright-feathered birds,
And beautiful gazelles, and flowers that speak.
Oh! I have dreamed such dreams an hundred times.

BOZZA. But this poor youth should have been left at
home,
To comfort parents who will mourn his loss.
Think of the pangs they suffer! I must say
King Ferdinand degrades his dignity,
And will regret this folly. When we mock
The poor and friendless we but curse ourselves,
And shall receive rebuke. I feel ashamed,
Old man as I am, joining in this farce:
Though, young and old, we must obey the king.

MARINO. (*While they lay GENARO on a sofa.*)
These robes lie gracefully on him. If a prince,
He could not wear a more majestic smile.

BOZZA. (*Discovering the white lock in GENARO's hair.*)
What does that mean? Marino, do you see? (*Points.*)

MARINO. I see the boy's head, Bozza. What of that?

BOZZA. That lock of hair, white as a Greek's camice!

MARINO. (*Observing it closely.*) That is unusual!

BOZZA. (*With feeling.*) Were the queen alive,—
The lovely queen, as gentle as a flower,

And thoughtful as an angel!—did she live,
O she would love this youth for that white lock!

MARINO. He is indeed most comely; but that lock
Adds nothing to his beauty in my eyes.

BOZZA. (*Speaking mysteriously.*)
Speak not of that. I've seen the joy and grief—
Within this palace for these twenty years
I've seen the changes. They are sad enough.
But I alone have memory of the griefs.

(*Enter R., MELCHIORE.*)

MELCHIORE. Have you the new king ready?

BOZZA. Ah! my lord
Melchiore, in the Court—to which we look
For gravity and truth—I blush to see
Proud noblemen descending to play jokes.
The king ignores his danger: in his mirth,
Ignores the past, forgets that one day since
The Prince escaped so narrowly from death.

MELCHIORE. For this we should make merry. Good old
man,
Desist from gloomy words! Promptly obey
The new king's slightest wish. Bozza, depart;
The shepherd youth is waking, and the scene
Of his proud elevation must be cleared.

BOZZA. How totally degenerate the Court!
A jest has cast a monarch from his throne,
And made his royal diadem a toy
To cheat an unoffending shepherd-boy.

(*Exeunt, R.*)

SCENE III.

(*GENARO, arousing, and looking about.*)

GENARO. How strange this place appears! I went to
rest
Upon the greensward close beside the bay.
I cannot be mistaken! Dreams cannot
Steal semblance of the real so exact.
This place is like a palace. This mild air
Is glittering with a splendor fairer yet
Than dreams can paint,

(Enter R., MELCHIORE and LUPO.)

MELCHIORE. (*Paying homage.*)

Your majesty, I pray
That you most graciously do condescend
To make your orders known unto the Court.

GENARO. (*Rising to his feet.*)

My orders, sir? I understand you not!
I am not in command!

(*He makes demonstrations as if to assure himself of his identity.*)

MELCHIORE. (*Inclining more profoundly.*)

Your majesty,
We are your courtiers true; you are our king.

GENARO. (*With dignity.*)

I beg you, sir, do not impose on one
Who ne'er has harmed you. Tell me where I am.

MELCHIORE. In your own palace, most benignant Prince.

GENARO. Mock me no more! Inform me who you are,
And by what freak of fortune I am here.

MELCHIORE. Your royal highness, know you not your
Court—

And your most loyal subjects? We await
To execute your bidding. Pray, command!

GENARO. (*Frankly.*)

In truth, good friends, I'm puzzled. Am I not
Genaro, the poor shepherd? Where are those
I love so well? Valerio, my brother,—
Cecato and Baptisto? Can you tell?—
Where are those youths who tend the flocks with me?
Explain this transformation!

MELCHIORE. In good faith,

Your gracious highness maketh strange discourse
Of persons you before have never named.
No doubt they are the creatures of your dreams,
And have no true existence.

GENARO. Gentle sir,

Seek not to prove that I have grown insane.
I am a shepherd lad: I watch the sheep
Under a man named Banquo. Now our flock
Feeds by the waves of Ischia. Pray, reveal
The cause which brought me hither; for my friends.

Though poor, are dear as though of royal blood.
Deceive me then no more.

MELCHIORE. In very sooth
Your royal highness is at this good hour
The mighty king of Naples. Sceptre and lands,
Armies and castles, wait your high behest.
But, gracious sovereign, as you seem disturbed,
— A perturbation from unpleasant dreams, —
We will depart, and at another time
Come to receive your orders.

GENARO. Do you mean
To leave me now to solve this painful doubt?

MELCHIORE. We go, that you may better calm your
mind. (*Exeunt. R.*)

GENARO. (*With a puzzled air, walking the floor.*)
How quite perplexing, unaccountable,
This metamorphosis! I, a shepherd lad,
Saluted as a king! How came I here?
Were I no Christian, these events I'm sure
Would seem the work of magic. But I know,
Whether in palace or beside my flocks,
That heavenly guardians superintend my ways;
Therefore I fear not. This may be a dream.
For I am but a shepherd. All my life
I've been oppressed by poverty, and Banquo;
I know none but the poor. True, yesterday
I rescued a young nobleman from death:—
This surely is no fancy. This is real,—

(*Draws a Cross from his bosom.*)

This Cross of gold is a most solid proof
That I am still Genaro, and no prince.
Shepherds *did* sing their songs;—Banquo *did* rave:—
The past is not a fable: *and the plot*—
(*Earnestly*) The dark intrigue of murder— That's no
sham!

I heard the traitor's words: I saw his face
Gleam black, by stolen starlight. 'Twas no dream.
The plans were all unravelled; and my wish,
When I lay down to slumber, was to fly
Swiftly to Naples to inform the king.
Behold, I waken in the royal hall!—
This is no work of chance! Is there, indeed,

Aught like reality that I am a king?—
 Did my blest Angel-guide attend my prayer,
 And promptly bring me in this wondrous style?
 I doubt it not. What then am I to do?
 Duty, Genaro,—*duty!* You are here
 To save the kingdom. Traitors are at large,
 And ere 'tis midnight they will slay the king.
 My path is clear: if king—mock king or true,—
 I'm bound to save my country, and I will.

(*Enter R., MELCHIORE, ORAZZO and MARINO.*)

MELCHIORE. (*With a sycophant's air.*)
 Your Majesty, allow me the great bliss,
 The most distinguished privilege and joy,
 Of warm felicitations on your reign.
 Tranquillity, prosperity and wealth
 Flow from your throne, as light flows from the sun.

ORAZZO. (*To MELCHIORE.*)
 And ne'er were cavaliers so fortunate,
 My lord Melchiore, as ourselves. Great Prince,
 (*Turns to GENARO.*) Your sovereign pleasure is our duty

GENARO. Ah,
 I trust you do not flatter! All my life
 I've heard the simple truth, and little praise.

MARINO. We beg to serve your Majesty. For this
 We have the honor to approach the throne.

GENARO. (*Authoritatively.*)
 Be it so. Attend my orders. Call the Court,
 Ambassadors and Generals, with all speed.
 We must consult the Court without delay,
 On most important business.

MELCHIORE. (*Bowing profoundly.*) As you will.
 And may your highness pass a happy day!

(*Exeunt omnes, R.*)

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the Palace.

(RUISCO and DON GONSALVO, *seated*.)

GONSALVO. To-night transpires the storming of St. Elmo;
The fleet is manned for action—

RUISCO. And the torch
Of your stern power, Gonsalvo, will ere long
Illuminate the bier of Ferdinand.

GONSALVO. Your hand on that, Ruisco! (*They shake
hands, laughing.*) I believe
No plot before was ever planned so well.
You sure were born a rascal.

RUISCO. Like all men!
A so-called honest man is but a knave,
With a saint's mask to make him more complete.

GONSALVO. Our shrewd diplomacy would put to blush
The strategy of any emperor:
Suspicion is not dreamed of.

RUISCO. Nor must be.
Yourself and I must keep us quite aloof
Till the last moment. We must be the first
To utter lamentations for the king:
You first to wonder; I to mourn the loss
Of Naples from the Spaniards.

GONSALVO. Ruisco,
That's the part I scruple not to play,
Since I am much the gainer.

RUISCO. Give me cheer
For my success! Gonsalvo, greet me king,
Since king I surely shall be. Ferdinand,—
Unwitting, foolish Ferdinand!—Sport on,—
Nor dread the taper's light. This very night
Thy fluttering wings shall bear thee to the flame
Where thou wilt perish like a common moth.
Ferdinand, thy days are numbered!

GONSALVO. In sooth,
A wonderful coincidence is this,—

Behold, your cousin abdicates in jest
 The crown he never shall again resume.
 Knew he the fate impending, he would spare
 His trifling sport to-day. But can you tell
 Who is this mimic king?

RUISCO. I do not know.
 A country bumpkin—picked up by the way,
 When sound asleep, to please the king's caprice.
 A straw king he! surely not fit to reign.
 But here comes Ferdinand—his spirits high,
 As though—gay, jolly prince!—he could not die.
 (*Enter, R., FERDINAND, MELCHIORE, MARINO, LINO, and*
VERDI, gaily.)

FERDINAND. Good day to you, my cousin! Give me
 joy!
 I'm eased of my sole burden,—of my crown.
 Don't a bare head become me well, my lords?

RUISCO. All modes become my royal cousin.

FERDINAND. Hold!
 Call me not royal. I am subject now
 To one who, dreaming, wished to be a king.
 How very kind of him to take my throne!

GONSALVO. Yes, if he grow not weary, like yourself.

FERDINAND. No fears! ambitious monarchs weary not,
 Nor will our regal rustic. (*To MELCHIORE.*)
 You declare

That the new king seems used to his command?

MELCHIORE. (*Laughing.*)
 You could not do it better, my lord king.
 He draws himself up proudly, as a prince
 Just home from some grand conquest.

MARINO. He is shrewd,
 To catch so soon the spirit of the joke.

FERDINAND. 'Tis marvellous! 'Tis a wonder he, so
 young,
 Did yield not to regrets, and turn the throne
 Into a scene of blubbering, tears and sighs.
 But we must list to his supreme command.

MELCHIORE. And ye, merry pages, take ye good care,
 And keep yourselves from laughing.

(*Enter, R., ALBERTO.*)

LINO. (*Bursts into laughter.*) He! he! he!
Ha! ha! ha! I cannot (*A complete uproar.*)
Keep from laughing, try I e'er so much!

FERDINAND. Then leave the hall.

LINO. (*Suppressing his laughter.*)
Oh, pardon, sire, and I will try once more.

ALBERTO. You never could play king,—for you *would*
laugh.

[*Slide scene, presenting ORAZZO, LUPO, GUIDO, and BEPPO, leading GENARO to the throne. All greet him respectfully.*]

GENARO. (*In a loud, clear voice.*)
Stand every courtier in his proper place.

ALBERTO. (*Aside—in surprise.*)
Oh! that's the shepherd-boy who saved my life!
I want to tell my father,—for I know
He'd not permit sport to be made of him.

GENARO. (*When all is quiet.*)
Courtiers, Ambassadors, and ye Generals,—
Great men of Naples,—ye are here convened
For a great purpose,—an event, in truth,
Of greatest import. (*Points to Vesuvius.*) Courtiers, when
yon mount

Doth belch her lava forth upon the world,
Ye may be slumbering, 'till the seething flood
In one mad volley sweeps your smiling plains:
'Tis so, my lords, with treason. Noblemen,
Peace now pervades your empire—but, alas,
What, should another day behold the land
Made desolate;—her fortresses laid waste,
Her king assassinated,—and her throne
Usurped by the assassin? See, my lords,—
St. Elmo burned to ashes!—Spanish blades
Bristling throughout Palermo!—Gaeta sacked, —
And Naples made the centre of this crime!
This is no fancy picture, noblemen:
'Tis a faint shadow of impending woes
That frown upon our kingdom. Doubt me not!
The crater now is heaving. Underneath
The royal hall the usurper's snare is set;

One whom the king has nurtured—in whose veins
His own blood courses—has betrayed his trust;

(RUISCO and GONSALVO *appear uneasy.*)

His fiendish love of power has led him on,
Till, reckless of his country, of his God,
He scruples not to take the monarch's life.
Brigands now lie in wait to kill the king,—
So cold is base ingratitude! My lords,
The murderer who aspires to wear the crown
Now stands before ye. *Look! behold him there!*

(*He points to RUISCO. All eyes are turned upon him.*)

RUISCO. (*Angrily.*)

He lies! he lies! I will not bear this insult!

(*He tries to escape.*)

GONSALVO. (*Excitedly.*)

You are, brave courtiers, to obey a clown,
And make an earnest matter out of jest!

GENARO. Detain those cavaliers: no one shall leave!
The Spanish fleet now waits within the Bay
To storm St. Elmo. This is the intrigue:
Our General in command is bribed to yield
The fortress in mock skirmish. Time will show
The detail of this villainy. Meanwhile,
Secure yourselves from danger: search those men.

(*Pointing to RUISCO and GONSALVO.*)

RUISCO. Pray, will the Court stand by and see this
mockery?

True noblemen insulted by a fool—
An idle stripling,—a wild, peasant boy?

(*The search proceeds, and papers are found on the person of each.*)

ORAZZO. (*Handing a paper to GENARO.*)

Here is a paper traitorous to the crown.

GENARO. (*Opens it, and reads:*)

“I, Don Gonsalvo, Minister from Spain
To Court of Naples, pledge my solemn oath,
When Ferdinand the King shall lose his head,

(*Consternation is seen on every face.*)

To recognize Ruisco, his cousin,
As King of Naples, if said cavalier

Deliver to the arms of Spain, forthwith.
The Castle of St. Elmo, and estates
Of Sicily and Gaeta. Hereunto
I do affix my seal.

“GONSALVO,

“Ambassador from Spain.”

“To RUISCO.”

MARINO. (*Exposing another paper excitedly.*)

My lords, I hold the traitor's answering pledge!

Behold Ruisco's signature, my lords!

Treason! High treason!

(*Tumult; cries of "Treason." Enter, L., Usher.*)

GENARO. Arrest those men!

FERDINAND. Let no one leave this hall! Guards, keep
the doors!

USHER. (*To GENARO.*)

Your majesty—outside some shepherds wait

To give a message. Shall I bring them in?

GENARO. Present them, usher.

[*Enter, L., CECATO, with his whiskers and wig; SILVIO, MARCO, BAPTISTO, PHILIPPO, and VALERIO, each showing the other along.*]

CECATO. (*Stammering.*)

Your high Ma—jes—ty:

We—know of some - - - something bad—

PHILIPPO. (*Aside to CECATO.*)

That's wrong, Cecato;

“We know that shepherd-boys—”

CECATO. (*With his hands awkwardly clasped, and twirling his thumbs.*) Your Majesty,—

We know that shepherd boys,—ahem! ahem!

SILVIO. (*Aside, prompting.*) Have little hope—

CECATO. (*Aloud.*) Have little hope,

To be an audience—

BAPTISTO. (*Aside to CECATO.*)

“To gain an audience!”—

CECATO. (*Aside to BAPTISTO.*) I guess I know!—

I wish you wouldn't keep tellin'.

SILVIO. (*Aside to CECATO.*) Well, go on.

CECATO. (*Aside to SILVIO.*) You put me out!
(*Aloud.*) Now what shall I say next?

PHILIPPO. (*Aside to CECATO.*) But we know very well—

CECATO. (*Aside to Shepherds.*) Oh! yes!—oh! yes!
I remember now, boys. I can go on.
(*Aloud.*) But we know very well that when bad men—

BAPTISTO. (*Aside to CECATO.*)
“Conspire against the kingdom, ’tis our place,”

CECATO. Conspire against the kingdom, ’tis our place
To tell the king about it. We have brought
A paper that will show how some bad men
Intend to make great trouble. Here it is.

GENARO. (*Holding it up, after examining it.*)
Nobles and cavaliers, behold fresh proof
Of perfidy and treason to the crown!

CECATO. (*Aside to his comrades.*)
Why, boys! that is Genaro, not the king!

SILVIO. (*Aside.*) It is Genaro. Hush, though. We
can’t speak.

GENARO. (*Kindly to the shepherds.*)
Good rustics, we dismiss you with our thanks,
And will reward in future. Fare you well. (*Exeunt, L.*)
Here is Ruisco’s seal! See for yourselves,
And read this paper that those shepherds brought.

MELCHIORE. (*Receiving the paper, and reading it.*)

“Ruisco sendeth greeting and good health
To Gen. Cesare. Upon Wednesday next
The Spanish troops attack our forts. Your part
Is to make faint resistance. With pretense
To do your best—surrender! ’Tis enough.
Meet me at midnight, Tuesday. I shall wait
Beside the three white willows till you come.”

Lords of the Court, this is Ruisco’s hand:
I’ve known it many years. The evidence
Is quite conclusive. There remains no doubt.

GENARO. (*Briskly.*) The officers of justice shall proceed
Straightway to St. Elmo, and there arrest
The traitor Cesare. General, you, instead,
Shall take the first command with swift dispatch.

(*Pointing to GEN. ALONZO.*)

GEN. ALONZO. Thanks, gracious sovereign. You shall
be obeyed.
With all alacrity.

GENARO. Stay, gallant chief :
Select two chosen men to hurry on
To Palermo and Gaeta. Lose no time.
Command each fortress to be up in arms
And make a stern resistance. Rouse the troops
Throughout the kingdom. Arm them for the fight.

GEN. ALONZO. My heart and prayers shall hasten your
desires,
Nor shall triumphant Spaniard set his foot
Upon St. Elmo. Ah! this fiendish plot
Will but unveil the traitors to the light,
Avert our dangers and make sure our peace.

GENARO. My lords, you have my orders. Now, dis-
perse,
And pray Heaven to defend us.

FERDINAND. (*Aside, with great emotion.*)
The patron of fair Naples hath kept ward,
And wondrously hath thwarted her dark foes!
This shepherd is an angel sent from heaven.
(*Event omnes R., in procession.*)

SCENE V.

Royal Hall.

FERDINAND. (*Alone.*)
Mysterious Providence! This strange escape
Is almost beyond credence. The light mirth
Of courtiers bent on pleasure, turns forsooth
To rescue of the kingdom! This brave youth
This generous shepherd-boy, who can he be?
A diamond quite misplaced! His is a mind
Too princely for his lot. How can his speech
So quickly catch the habits of the throne?
He is unused to aught but shepherds' ways,
And yet his air would grace the throne of France.
My heart is drawn to him most wondrously,

By an attachment unaccountable;
 Perchance 'tis gratitude, for I owe my life,
 My crown, my throne, to his self-sacrifice.
 Oh, patriotic youth, I would to Heaven
 That hearts like thine beat under courtly robes!
 (*Bitterly.*) Ruisco! thou infatuated man!
 Thou didst forget the ever sleepless Eye,
 And sought to hide thy treachery from the light,—
 But thou hast been mistaken! 'Twas a child
 Prevented thee from perpetrating crime!
 My young deliverer,—who can he be?
 I must learn more about him. (*Turns to leave.*)

(*Enter Bozza.*)

BOZZA. Gracious king—
 I beg attention. It is on my mind
 To speak with you of a coincidence
 Worth your attention.

FERDINAND. Pray go on.

BOZZA. Your royal highness, when the shepherd youth,
 Whom you made king for pastime, lay asleep,
 I saw a white lock in his tresses brown;—
 Nor could I pass it over. That white lock—
 The mark distinctive of your kingly line—
 Recalled to mind the loss of your two sons;
 And since the princely conduct of the youth,
 That white lock haunts me like a spirit voice.

FERDINAND. Your words go to my heart. Good Bozza,
 mark
 This gentle shepherd closely. I, ere long,
 Will question him and learn his antecedents.
 You're sure you did not fancy that white lock?

BOZZA. I'm sure, your majesty. The same fair tress,
 Near the right temple, gleamed upon his head
 As that upon your own. I took great pains
 To prove it no deception.

FERDINAND. It is well.
 I shall investigate. Ah, generous youth,
 I could not love you more were you my son!

(*Sounds of cannon and drums outside.*)

BOZZA. Do you hear that sound? The enemy is nigh.

FERDINAND. (*Grasping his sword.*)
The Spaniards! 'Tis the Spaniards in the Bay!
The city is besieged! (*Rushes out.*)

BOZZA. God save the king!
(*Enter MELCHIORE, ORAZZO, VERDI, BEPPO and LUPO in consternation.*)

What's happened, Melchior? Are we lost?

MELCHIORE. The Spaniards are upon us.

BOZZA. Where are they?

MELCHIORE. Within gunshot of shore. See for yourself.
(*All watch from the windows.*)

BOZZA. We are all unprepared. How happens this?

MELCHIORE. Not quite so unprepared as they suppose.
The Spanish fleet was moving all last night,—
But Cesare is in chains—thank God for that!—
We have the advantage.

MARINO. (*Gazing out.*) Look! do you not see
King Ferdinand there? Foremost in the fight!

ORAZZO. Good! Our guns do grand dispatch! That
man-of-war
Is going down already!

MELCHIORE. Yes!—she goes!—
She is their leader, too! They may as well
Quit firing, and surrender, as to fight.

(*A loud discharge of cannon is heard.*)

LUPO. A strong broadside for once! As I'm alive
The second ship is shattered!

ORAZZO. (*Doubtfully.*) But alas!
The city is on fire. The flames run wild!

MELCHIORE. We are prepared for that. The risk is
small:

Quick hands will quench the flames.

ORAZZO. But what, my lord,
Should they burn down the palace?

MELCHIORE. They will not.
Do you see the wind's the other way?

ORAZZO. But it may change.

BOZZA. Orazzo, who is that
Dashing among the soldiers?

ORAZZO. Don't you know—
The shepherd monarch.

BOZZA. If he's not inspired
I must believe him some angelic knight,
Sent down like those who fought the First Crusade.

ORAZZO. How clumsily the Spaniards work their ships!
They act as though half crazy.

MELCHIORE. So they are.
They have been caught in old Ruiseo's net,
And flounder to escape it.

LUPO. (*Pointing.*) But they can't.
It's good enough for traitors. Yonder!—look!—
The Spanish siege is at an end. (*Cannon.*)

MELCHIORE. Huzza!
The day is ours. The king now boards the ship—
Our soldiers swarm the deck. Bad luck to Spain!
The admiral is a prisoner. Come, huzza
For victory, for Naples, and the king!

ORAZZO. Perish invaders! Long live Ferdinand!
(*Tumult of firing and huzzas cease.—Exeunt all.*)
(*Enter ALBERTO.*)

ALBERTO. (*Frightened.*)
I wonder where the people all have gone?
Those frightful noises!—cannon, screams and shouts!—
I do not understand. Where can they be?
Melchiore and the rest? I am afraid
My father will be murdered. Where is he?
Father! Oh, father!—father!—where are you?

(*Frantically walks the room and wrings his hands.*)
The palace will be burned, and I alone!
Father! father! Why don't you hear me, father?

(*Enter GENARO. ALBERTO flies to him.*)
Will you not tell me where the people are,—
My father and the others?

GENARO. (*Recognizing ALBERTO.*) Prince! dear Prince!
Thank God, I have met you!

ALBERTO. (*Astonished.*) Shepherd-boy!—
You are the shepherd-boy that saved my life?

GENARO. I am, dear Prince.

ALBERTO. (*Clinging to GENARO.*) I'm very glad you came.

I'm frightened beyond measure. Can you tell
What all this firing means,—the shouts and noise?

GENARO. We've fought and driven the Spaniards.
We are safe;
Your father and his kingdom.

ALBERTO. (*Embracing GENARO.*) Oh, dear friend,
To whom I owe my life!—you may be sure
I think about you always, day and night;
I never can forget you. Before long
I wish to talk with you; but now, indeed
I must search for my father. Fare you well. (*Exit.*)

GENARO. A thousand dreams could never be as strange
As this reality. I am no king,
Though I have saved the kingdom. Heart and hand
Have just now battled to defend the crown,
And yet another wears it. 'Tis all right.
Yet, were I king, I'd wield my power for good.

(*Enter RUISCO with brigands.*)

RUISCO. (*Rushing furiously at GENARO.*)
Here is our cause of trouble! Sneaking spy,
You thought you would escape us; but take that

(*Striking him a violent blow.*)

For giving information of our plot!

GENARO. (*Nimble jumping back and defying RUISCO.*)
I'd do the same again. A thousand lives
Are nothing to my country.

RUISCO. (*Making another lunge at GENARO.*)

You're but one—

And that's not worth the naming!

(*The ruffians rush upon GENARO, when CECATO and some
of the shepherds enter, CECATO carrying a huge club.*)

CECATO. Stop, you knaves!
Clear out, you tigers! Let that boy alone!
(*CECATO deals RUISCO a mortal blow, and the brigands flee.*)

GENARO. (*Embracing CECATO.*)
My dear Cecato, you have saved my life!

CECATO. And you have saved ten thousand. Bless you, boy!

You're worth a dozen kings, say what they will.

GENARO. Speak not of kings. I'm but a shepherd-boy—
Simply Genaro, though a king at heart.
Farewell, sweet vision! farewell, lofty aim;
Proud hope to wield a sovereign's power for truth,
To be a king for justice' sake! 'Tis past,
And I am but a powerless youth at last.
But how, Cecato, chanced you to be here?

CECATO. Think you, Genaro, we would go away
Before we learned how you were brought to Court?
'Twas lucky that we staid, though.

GENARO. Yes, dear friends;
Ruisco would have killed me but for you.
But we will go. I'm weary of the noise,
The glitter, the contention, and the pride—
The care and disappointment. I want rest.
Old Banquo will not trouble us. Thank Heaven
The rude, morose, old traitor ne'er again
Can take advantage of poor shepherd boys.
Without him we can lead a peaceful life,
Quiet and pleasant, 'midst the gentle lambs.
I've had enough of Court-life, Cecato;
In glare and splendor I feel not at home:
And like our own ways better.

CECATO. I'm rejoiced!—
We were afraid that you had left us quite.

Exeunt omnes.—Curtain.

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Bay of Ischia.

[GENARO *lying asleep*; BAPTISTO, PHILIPPO, MARCO, SILVIO, and CECATO.]

PHILIPPO. Genaro sleeps most soundly. I am glad
To see him take his rest; but am afraid
That we must loose him.

CECATO. Why? what do you mean?

PHILIPPO. They'll take him off to Naples, I'm afraid.

BAPTISTO. No fears for that. Genaro would not go.

PHILIPPO. Wait!—I will tell you something. When the
fight

And tronbles all were over, and the king
Came back into the palace, I was there.
I did not know Genaro had come home,
And found it out this way. The king's first words
Were "Where's that glorious youth
Who did so wondrously expose the plot?"
Then everybody searched. They went and came,
And hunted high and low, and all around,
But no one found Genaro. Now the king
Became impatient, troubled and dismayed.
Comrades, in all my life I ne'er saw man
So eager as the king. He would not rest.
"Where is the youth to whom I owe my throne?"
Thus cried he many times; and everyone
Praised, loudly, the young shepherd. I was proud
To think 'twas our Genaro. Before long
His majesty told officers to search
And find him at all hazards, then straightway
To bring him to the Court. There is, you see,
Much danger that we lose him.

CECATO. (*Scornfully.*) O, don't be afraid!
Think you he'd go to Naples without us?
Besides, no one would think of coming here.

GENARO. (*In his sleep.*)
The palace! Guard the palace! Stand your ground!

MARCO. (*Turning to look at GENARO.*)
Genaro dreams he is in Naples.

PHILIPPO. Yes;
He thinks he is in the battle.

GENARO. (*Still asleep.*) Kill me, then!—
Naples is saved! But hurry, boys, hurry!
The Palace is on fire: Save the young Prince!

CECATO. I'll wake him—for he suffers in his dreams.

GENARO. (*Awaking with a start.*)
Where are we? In the palace? Are they gone?
The brigands? Where are they? I don't fear them.
Alberto, my dear Prince, what place is this?

PHILIPPO. Wake up, Genaro; let us hear you talk.
You are at home, among your dearest friends.

GENARO. (*Placing his hand on his head.*)
I wear no crown. I dreamed I was a king,
And swayed the sceptre.

CECATO. Which indeed you do,
Genaro. Welcome home! You are a king;
And never was a monarch so beloved.

GENARO. Yes; I'm at home. Yet these are royal robes
It is not all a dream. I was at Court.
What strange reverses rule my path! One day
I go to sleep a shepherd in a vale—
The next, wake in a palace,—save the crown,
And nearly lose my life. I sleep again,
And waken in the forest as of old,
Man is the toy of time, just like a leaf
The gay wind tosses at its changing will.
Cecato, all the pleasures of the world
Are not worth seeking after; and to-day
I am contented with my humble lot
More than my words can tell you. You are friends,
Constant and true. Earth holds no greater wealth.

MARCO. You are fatigued, Genaro, and should sleep,
For even heroes have a right to rest.

GENARO. (*In a merry manner.*)
Oh, I'm quite refreshed, Marco. Let us talk

About old times, and of adventures late.

(*Turns to CECATO.*) Ah, there you are, Cecato! strong enough

To master six brigands, and not half try.

CECATO. (*Laughing.*)

I should have brought my famous club along

To pickle in honor of its use.

GENARO. I thank the club, Cecato, and thank you.—
And both are well preserved in memory.

PHILIPPO. These have been most exciting days to us,
With fighting, winning, running to and fro.

GENARO. Speak not about those things. Go farther back—

Or, rather, let us stroll along the bay
And strive to think of nothing.

PHILIPPO. If we can.

But we will dance upon the green to-night
And be as merry as we wish to be.

GENARO. Yes, dance and sing, and I'm sure I'll thank Heaven

That I was born to such a quiet life.
The flowering meadows and the sparkling bay,
The quiet flocks, the tranquil azure sky,
Are fairer, after all, than Court of kings.
Thank God! I'm but a simple shepherd!

PHILIPPO. We shall all thank God
For giving our Genaro back to us.

(*Exeunt omnes. Lively music.*)

SCENE II.

Bay of Ischia.

[GENARO, CECATO, BAPTISTO, MARCO and PHILIPPO.
Enter VALERIO.]

VALERIO. (*Embracing GENARO.*)

How are you, my dear brother?

GENARO. Very well, Valerio.
But it seems like a month since last we met.

VALERIO. Have you not heard the frightful news?

GENARO. What news?

VALERIO. Of Banquo's dreadful death!

GENARO. (*Surprised, while the shepherds cluster round.*)
Is Banquo dead?

VALERIO. Yes; he expired last night. He raved and
cursed,
Despairing to the last.

CECATO. How did you hear?

VALERIO. Friar Giovanni told me. He was there,
And saw the miserable man breathe his last.
He gnashed his teeth, and foamed, and tho't that hell
Was open all around him, while his tongue
Was bitten quite in two.

GENARO. Enough, Valerio.
Tell me no more of that unhappy wretch
I shudder but to listen.

CECATO. I am sure
I wish he had been good.

BAPTISTO. And so do I.

MARCO. What is that out upon the water, boys?

GENARO. A sail! The wind is fair. It comes this way.

MARCO. These are the royal galleys. Oh, how bright
The gold and purple glitter in the sun!

GENARO. It is a day propitious for a sail
To those who are quite happy.

VALERIO. Are you not?

GENARO. (*Hesitating*). No—yes, Valerio, happy in the
thought
That we are all together.

CECATO. I have fears.
Genaro likes the taste of life at Court,
And will not be contented; though, you know,
Now Banquo will not trouble, we can live
As happy as seven boys could wish to be.

MARCO. Why are those galleys steering for this shore?
It is remarkable. What can they want?

BAPTISTO. These royal people are a wayward set,
They have no business, and they stroll around
To find what they can do. See there! They land!

MARCO. They are coming here direct. 'Tis for you,
Genaro. Don't you go! Why don't you hide!

(*Enter MELCHIORE, ORAZZO, etc., etc.*)

MELCHIORE. (*Bowing to GENARO.*)
Youth worthy of all honor, Ferdinand
Desires you at Naples.

GENARO. Is it true
That I have been officious in my zeal!

MELCHIORE. Not so. The king feels greatly in your
debt
For the grand service you have done the throne,
And sends to beg your presence at the Court.

GENARO. The king's kind wish I cheerfully obey,
If, gallant nobles, my good comrades here
Can accompany me.

MELCHIORE. Yes, brave youth,
There is no selfish pulse in your true heart,
And for your sake we honor those you love.
Take them with you to Naples, if you please.

GENARO. Thank you, my lords,—and we, my friends
to-day
Shall ride like happy princes on the bay.

Exeunt omnes.—Music.

SCENE III.

Royal Hall.

(*FERDINAND and COURTIERs seated. Enter MELCHIORE,
GENARO and VALERIO, with Shepherds.*)

MELCHIORE. Your majesty, behold our great success,
In bringing him we long so vainly sought,—
The fortunate deliverer of Naples.

(*All greet GENARO with marks of great respect.*)

FERDINAND. Welcome with honor to the royal hall,
True benefactor, savior of the crown.
Your magnanimity has won all hearts—
Your valor gained the plaudits of all tongues.
(*To the Court.*) It is with pride we publicly proclaim
Genaro, from the Ischia, worthy praise

Of most exalted nature. 'Tis to him
We owe our life, our kingdom, and our peace;
(*To GENARO.*) Accept my gratitude, most generous youth.

GENARO. (*Kneeling to kiss the hand of the king.*)
My king, receive my homage. I am proud,
Though but a peasant, if I have in truth
The slightest claim to your unmeasured praise.
But give it not to me. 'Tis not my right;
For by a grace above all mortal grace
Your kingdom has been rescued. Happy am I
To be the instrument. Yet do not think
I am insensible to favor shown
By you, beloved sovereign. I am not.
There is no heart more sensitive, my king,
To gratitude your kindness must extort.

(*MELCHIORE hands a letter to the king.*)

MELCHIORE. It is important news, your majesty.

FERDINAND. (*After reading with great emotion.*)
It must be true. Ah, cruel Ruisco,
How you have wronged me!--but, thank Heaven! at last
He has confessed his malice. (*Looks at GENARO.*)
(*Aside.*) It is the same.

The same white lock that marks our line of kings.
He surely is my son. (*Aloud.*) Nobles, go forth,—
Be ye assembled in the hall of state. (*Exeunt.*)
Brave youth, your honors, measured by your deeds,
Shall be awarded in their fitting place.

(*The sides and rear of the stage open, presenting the Royal
Hall, throne, etc. FERDINAND leads GENARO
to the throne.*)

Ascend with me, deliverer of the land,
The throne saved by your zeal and wise forethought,
And hark you while I question.
(*GENARO is seated by the king.*) Will you tell
Where are your parents?

GENARO. Ah, your majesty,
Father or mother I have never known!
Those sweetest of all titles never yet
Have found response when uttered by my lips,
Save in the region of my mournful thoughts,
My brother and myself are orphan boys.

FERDINAND. Where is your brother?

GENARO. (*VALERIO advances.*) Here, your majesty.

FERDINAND. (*Embracing both.*) You are not orphans,
although motherless,

But are my children, kidnapped years ago,
And now miraculously given to my embrace.
I am your father! (*Folds them in his arms.*)

GENARO. Oh! it is too much!
I cannot credit this great happiness!
My father! Dearest father!

ALBERTO. (*Coming forward.*) What is this?
Has it been proved that the patriotic youth
Is really my lost brother? He is the same
Who saved my life when drowning in the bay.

FERDINAND. (*With great emotion.*)
And proved in this, as many a time since then,
True Angel of our Kingdom, of our house!
Embrace your brothers, Alberto, my son,
And thank the God of kingdoms, who hath deigned
To thwart the malice of our deadly foes.

GENARO. (*With great feeling.*)
A Prince I am indeed! No orphan now!
Valerio,—Alberto,—father,—home,—
These each are mine; but I shall not forget
Those who have loved me in adversity.
My father and my king, receive my friends:
(*Pointing to the Shepherds.*)

Oh, shelter them from cruelty and wrong,
That poverty invites from icy hearts;
Reward them for the love they bear your son.

FERDINAND. Why ask me this? Your friends, beloved
child,
Shall be my special care.

CECATO. Now this is grand!
To have a real, earnest friend at Court!

GENARO. Behold, dear comrades of my orphan days,
How signally your love finds its reward.

PROLOGUE.—(1882.)

(LOCAL.)

Just fourteen years have passed since one, whose name
Glow with devout affection's sacred fame,
First gave the public that which we now bring,
His graceful Drama, "IF I WERE A KING."

Father Lemonnier! At the very sound
What high and holy memories cluster round!
What kind self-sacrifice! what sterling worth,
Which made his friendship "paradise on earth,"
And sealed his title (nobler give, who can,)
"THE TRUE, THE PERFECT CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN!"
Peace to the dead! O, calmly must he rest;
For, blessing others, he must needs be blest

(GENERAL.)—1866.

'Tis not our province to anticipate
The plot and its denouement, but to wait
The pleasure of our friends, who will discover
The fair unfolding of our play, when over;
Yet, we would fain impress on minds of youth
The lofty grandeur of unswerving truth;
Would mark the rule, that justice will, ere long,
Reward all virtue, and redress all wrong;
Will punish evil, opening to the light
The deeds that folly seeks to hide from sight.

Though dark Ambition triumphs for the hour,
Still must she answer to a mightier Power:
The scheming Tyrant, who would wear a crown,
When fearing least, shall see his pride cast down;
While injured Innocence, though long oppressed,
In her clear conscience shall find joy and rest.

'Tis true to human eyes full many a knave
May prosperous seem, successful, wise and brave;
Ruisco-like may scheme, and plot and plan,
And by deceit appear an honest man;
But, falling in the snare himself hath laid,
At last the debt of justice shall be paid.

Though every shepherd-boy, 'tis very true,
Should labor not with earthly throne in view,
Yet every youth, no matter how obscure,
Should win a crown *by being just and pure*;
A diadem, to which the crowns of earth,
Are empty tinsel, dim, and without worth.

In very truth, all Christians hold a claim
To princely thrones, to which we all can aim;
And if we labor to secure the prize,
Unnumbered kindred aid from the skies.
If from this object all our actions spring,
Each one by right may wish himself a king.

EPILOGUE.—(1882.)

RESPECTED FRIENDS:

Now, our drama's course is ended;
Now the actors' part is done;
But not so, we trust, the wisdom
That throughout the plot has run;
For the noble aspiration
Of the humble shepherd swain
Led him on to worthy action,
Gave his birthright back again.

'Twas the royal blood within him
Made him rise above his lot;
He was born for "something better"
Than the rustic shepherd's cot.

"All his mind and soul could make him,"—
This alone could satisfy
The ambition of Genaro;
'Twas for this he breathed each sigh.
He would "be a King," to conquer
Evil on the path he trod,
To administer God's justice
To the creatures formed by God.

Have you heard the golden story
 Of the young Prince Stanislaus?
 He was nobler than Genaro,
 Since his was a nobler cause.
 He despised an earthly kingdom,
 He refused a princely crown,—
 "Born," he said, "for something better"
 Even than royalty's renown.

Let us take the timely lesson
 From Genaro and his cause:
 Let us likewise learn the mystery
 Of the Polish Stanislaus:
 Be all that "our minds can make us,"
 Yet be something truer, higher,—
 We were "born for something better,"—
 Let us to that right aspire.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

ACT I.—SCENE FIRST.

Bay of Ischia—Shepherds watching their flocks—Mysterious letter found.

SCENE SECOND.

Forest Scene—Midnight—Conspirators meet—Ruisco discovered—Royal joke.

MUSIC ORCHESTRA

ACT II.—SCENE FIRST. Brigands' Haunt.

SCENE SECOND. The Capture.

SCENE THIRD. Banquo Alone—His Troubles.

SCENE FOURTH.

Shepherds surprised at the sudden disappearance of Genaro—They prepare to visit Naples, to inform the King of the Conspiracy.

MUSIC—Andante Militaire—*Haydn* ORCHESTRA

ACT III.—SCENE FIRST. Royal Palace.

SCENE SECOND.

Bozza, Major-Domo of the Palace, appears and rebukes the King—The *White Lock*.

SCENE THIRD.

Shepherd-boy greeted by Courtiers—His astonishment at the sudden change of affairs.

SCENE FOURTH.

Conspirators alone—Are confident of success—Royal Hall—They are astonished at the sight of Genaro—The eloquence of the Shepherd-Boy completely overwhelms them—Conspiracy disclosed—Cecato puzzled.

SCENE FIFTH.

Ferdinand returning thanks to Heaven for the preservation of his Life and Kingdom—Bozza's narration of the "White Lock"—Battle in the Bay—Naples in flames—Fright of Alberto, the King's son—He meets Genaro—Ruisco attacks Genaro—Ruisco is slain by Cecato. MUSIC—Il Barbiere, Overture.....ORCHESTRA

ACT IV.—SCENE FIRST.

Banquo acting the hypocrite—Flight of Brigands—Arrest of Banquo.

SCENE SECOND. Genaro asleep. Shepherds approach.

SCENE THIRD.

A Hermit visits Banquo, who is in despair—His advice totally disregarded—News of Banquo's horrible death.

SCENE FOURTH.

Bay of Ischia—Shepherds Lying on the Grass—Embassy from Naples—Departure of Genaro.

SCENE FIFTH.

Royal Hall—Ferdinand's joy in discovering his long-lost Sons—Shepherds Rewarded for their Loyalty.

GRAND TABLEAU, AND CHORUS.

EPILOGUE.

CLOSING REMARKS.

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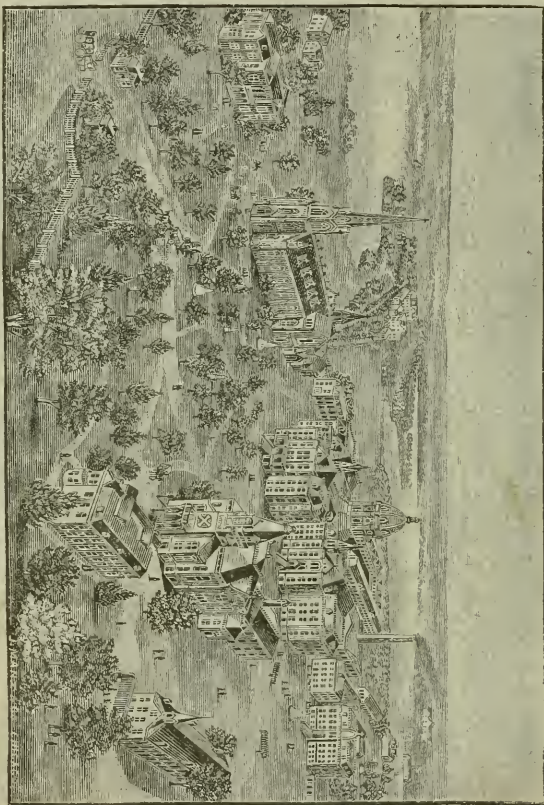
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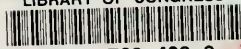
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